THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XI. YEAR. MARCH, 1895. No. 3.

TO OUR LADY.

BY J. M.

WHEN sometimes doubting, as I sleepless lie,
  If I this day have added to my store,
  Or, truant to the precious charge I bore,
Less pleasing I have grown in Heaven's eye
That can my poor soul's smallest blot descry,
  This other thought doth all my calm restore,
  That for my very faults Thou dost the more,
With Thy rich love my Father satisfy.

And so I build sweet hopes and have less fear
  When auditing Heaven's grievances each day;
From Thy love's treasury in coin most dear
  My each new deficit I boldly pay,
Engaging so for all that Thou dost give,
That I the morrow will the better live.

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OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

EVERY day the Morning Offering goes up from millions of faithful hearts, all the world over, for the interests of the Sacred Heart and for the Intentions of the League; and it is through the Immaculate Heart of Mary that our Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer make the offering of their prayers, work and sufferings to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

This is as it should be. We go through Mary to Jesus, and we go with full and unfaltering confidence, because this is the proper and natural course to follow in the order of things established by our Lord in view of the great mystery of the Incarnation. As His Blessed Mother gave Him to the world and His Sacred Heart was formed from her most pure blood, so, to glorify her, He gave her in return, if we may so express it, all power over His adorable Heart, and made her, as St. Bernard teaches, the dispenser of all Its treasures.

Thus it comes to pass that the true instinct of Catholic love and devotion has given to that peerless Virgin a name and a title that points out her share in the distribution of the blessings of her Divine Son's Heart, that implies her influence with that loving Heart, which influence and power enable her to obtain for her children among men all the graces and blessings they need; and so we style her "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

This title of our Blessed Lady involves a great deal. Lady—in the language of the Church, *Domina*—means Sovereign, Mistress, Queen, of the Heart of Jesus. It seems hardly necessary to warn Catholics that there is no question here of an absolute, irresistible power, which no creature can wield over the Creator; but that intercessory power which some holy Doctors have styled *omnipotentia supplex*, an intercession which our Lord will not reject. The great Commentator on Holy Scripture, Cornelius à Lapide, explains this unique privilege of our Lady as founded on what he styles the *jus maternum*, the "Mother's right." When our Lord chose the Blessed Virgin to be His Mother, He gave her, with this unexampled dignity, all that it includes.

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As our Lord's mother, then, Mary had all a mother's rights over the Son who so loved us that He chose, for our advantage, to become like to us in all things save sin. He was true man, as well as true God; and as He did all things perfectly He was a perfect Son to His chosen mother. This implies a mother's authority and jurisdiction, her sacred and incontestible right; and this right was exceptionally great in her case, more complete than in any other mother that ever lived, since to her alone our Lord bore all the natural relation of child to parent.

This right of our Lady was recognized by our Lord in His voluntary subjection to His mother, not through necessity, but through His love for us and because He chose, as St. Paul expresses it, to "annihilate" Himself, or to empty Himself of His glory and supremacy, as man, for us. And so, at the age of twelve years, He made a public profession of His subjection by returning with His mother from Jerusalem to Nazareth and "He was subject unto them," and so He remained during the thirty years of His life at Nazareth. The Gospel mentions another striking example of our Lady's intercessory power over the Sacred Heart, in the miracle wrought at Cana of Galilee, at her request, though our Lord had just said that "His hour was not yet come," an expression which emphasizes the efficacy of the mother's word.

The Fathers and Doctors of the Church abound in passages which express this truth in many forms. Father Eudes sums them all up, in his work on the holy Heart of Mary, in these words: "May we not say with perfect truth that a heart which can do everything with the Heart of a God, has sovereign power? Now who can doubt that the Heart of the Mother of Jesus has all power with the Heart of Him who chose to be her Son and to give her all a mother's authority over Him? Will He deprive her of what He has given her with so much love? Never. Jesus will always be Mary's Son, and Mary will ever be the mother of Jesus, and the Immaculate Heart of that holy Mother will forever exercise a mother's power and authority over the Sacred Heart of that best of sons."

This is very much like what St. Augustine says of our

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Lord's constancy in His love: "Our Lord Jesus does not love and then forsake." It follows, therefore, that whatever the love of our Lord for His Blessed Mother moved Him to do for the honor of her motherhood on earth, will be done all the more in heaven where love is perfect. And if a mother's love has such power over the heart of a son as even we know it to have here among men, what when that mother is Mary, the holiest, the most tender, the perfect one of all mothers, and that Son is Jesus, the most powerful, the most generous, the most loving of sons? Surely there can be no limit to His deference to her intercession when she pleads in our favor.

It was this consideration that moved some zealous priests at Issoudun, in the diocese of Bourges, in France, to form an association intended to give glory to the Blessed Virgin in the relation of ineffable love that exists between her Immaculate Heart and the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Moreover, since Mary, according to St. Ephrem, is the hope of those who are in desperate straits, this association is to plead with her for her powerful intercession especially in difficult and hopeless cases, both in the spiritual and in the temporal order. As the association purposed to reach the merciful Heart of Jesus through the intercession of Mary, its founders gave it the title of "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

The association was canonically erected on the Feast of St. Francis de Sales, January 29, 1864, and in the month of June, of the same year, Pius IX. gave it his approbation and granted to it various indulgences. It was soon after raised to the dignity of an archconfraternity, the statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at Issoudun, was solemnly crowned by the Archbishop of Bourges, in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff, the church of the Missionary Fathers of the Sacred Heart, in which the statue stands, was enriched with the indulgences of the Portiuncula, and other favors have since been conferred upon the Association which has its church also in Rome.

Many confraternities have been affiliated to it in all parts of the world. The members of this pious Association may gain an indulgence of a hundred days, once a day, by

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reciting, morning and evening, the invocation: "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for us." The feast of the society is celebrated on the 31st of May. As the Immaculate Heart of Mary is so closely connected with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the devotion to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart may well be cultivated with especial fervor by the Associates of the Holy League.

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

YOUNG MEN'S SODALITIES.

UNDER the head, "OUR BOYS," the Irish *Messenger* published, in November, an appeal for Sodalities for growing lads out of school, from one who knows by experience how much they are needed. His letter is very practical and touching in its eloquent simplicity:

"DEAR FATHER CULLEN:—I have read, with no ordinary pleasure, your suggestion of doing something for 'our boys' . . . . benefits untold would result from having something in the way of Sodalities for boys, who have passed 13 or 14 years of age. . . . . How intemperance and betting and other vices could be preached against to the boys at such meetings; how the virtue of purity could be extolled and impressed!

"To my mind, it is very hard to make good *young* men, and equally hard to make good *married* men, of the majority of the working classes without such Sodalities, because their parents—especially in towns—do not look after them as they should. Once parents get their boys confirmed, they allow them to wander about the streets and mix with low company. Another benefit of such training would be that our boys would be taught *honesty*. Dishonesty in trivial matters is often a great failing in lads when they go to work in shops and such places where the temptations present themselves.

"I entreat you to push on this work by every means in your power. I am a business young man and am every day coming in contact with our young lads, and I know how sadly something of this kind is needed. If it did no more than check the cursing and loose talk prevalent among lads,

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it would be a real boon. . . . . Gladly will I give my Sundays to our lads who have no one to give them a helping hand." . . . .

The letter is signed, "A Wexford Lad." It has drawn another from "A Priest," in the January number of the *Messenger*:

"DEAR FATHER CULLEN:—There was nothing in the *Messenger* of last month I read with so much pleasure as that little letter from 'A Wexford Lad.' His suggestions are good and spirit certainly admirable. Let me join with him and say to you: 'Onward! Promote the work!' The need is unquestionable. I have been thinking much of our neglected boys, and I do believe associations of that kind, made to suit boys, would do a vast amount of good. . . . Must not the Brothers (their teachers in the schools), sometimes ask themselves: What is the good of spending our energies for years on those boys in school, if, when they have left us, they go to perdition, and this because no rescuing hand was reached out to them? . . . . When the practicability of such Sodalities is made evident to the bishops and priests, who see, feel, and bitterly lament the want, such associations will spring into life and flourish."

As "our boys" are very much alike in all parts of the world, and the same dangers surround them in all towns and cities, this appeal is as much to the purpose in the United States as in Ireland, and we join devoutly in the prayer of the good "Wexford Lad."

BONA MORS ASSOCIATION.

This association should have a notable increase of members in the month of March, dedicated as it is to St. Joseph, one of the chief patrons of a happy death. Devotion to him, who had our Lord and the Virgin Mother to assist him in his last moments, is one of the best means to prepare for oneself a death like his.

Lately a man, whose home was in Virginia about twenty miles away from a church, visited New York. A friend brought him to a meeting of the Bona Mors in St. Francis Xavier's Church, and explained to him the object of the association and the simple conditions for membership.

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Realizing the supreme importance of a happy death, that is, one not necessarily free from bodily pain, but in peace with God through the means of grace provided by Him, the Virginian declared that such an association was just the thing for him, and at once asked to be admitted. Though he cannot, of course, attend any meetings, he can make use of the beautiful devotions by himself and share in the prayers of all the members for the grace of a happy death.

THE SONG OF AN IRISH MINER.

Relin na Monia (Star of the Morning).[1]

Bright torch of Aurora
Preceding the day,
More fair than the Day-star
In brightest array.
More serene than the moon
In full majesty,
Relin na Monia,
O shine upon me!

In sorrow's dark hours
When trouble and woe
Oppress Thy poor children
On earth here below,
In trials and afflictions
They still fly to Thee.
Relin na Monia,
O shine upon me!

O truest of mothers,
O virgin most pure,
The gloom of this world
Thou hadst to endure;
Thou gavest the Saviour
The world's light to be,
Relin na Monia,
O shine upon me!

1 Sent us by one of our League Directors, as the song of one of his devoted Associates.

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A WELCOME DEBT.

BY J. M. C.

THERE once lived a man who possessed a spirit of proselytizing, as many called the apostolic zeal that filled his soul. Some accounted him a great *saint*, and others a great *bore*. He knew it and smiled, and with that same cordial smile, that some considered *insinuating*, he would thrust into your willing or unwilling hands crucifix, medal, beads or holy image. I had a collection of such objects, souvenirs of his ardor, that I did not well know what to do with. They were in no way necessary to a good life, I told myself. Still, I could not make up my mind to do away with them. His last gift, thrust into my most unwilling hands on a cold day in early winter, provoked me almost to anger. It was a great clumsy book — a prayer book. I had no use for it. I knew the Pater, Ave and Credo, and the comfortable creed which I had invented for my own special use told me that no more was necessary.

However, the old man was so much in earnest that I could not pain him by showing him my repugnance. I loved him and his. They were so cordial, so hospitable, so true. I had called to bid them adieu for some months and, I must confess it, I had hoped to find the family at home minus its proselytizing head, and to leave my loving farewell for him in their kind hands.

But I was fairly caught. He was the first one to greet me. In his presence I never felt anything but grateful affection. He knows that now.

"So you are going after all!" He shook his wise old head, and shook his finger too, playfully, though sadly I could see.

I was at a loss for words in which to answer him; for we had gone over the ground so often and always with the same result; that I *would* go into a far off district where was neither church nor priest. Were I a practical Catholic, the good old man said, a firm one, the danger would be less. "Though were I a zealous one, I would not go for untold gold," he always added.

His gentle little wife came to my aid on this occasion.

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"My good friend,"—she called her husband "my good friend," whenever she was resolved to oppose him,—"Let every one judge for himself. You are too severe. Our friend is young, and wishes to get on in the world. Do you remember your grandfather's favorite lines: 'A little health, a little wealth, a little house and freedom; And at the end a little friend and little cause to need him.' Our friend will be none the worse for a little health, a little more wealth, which may provide that same little house and freedom eventually, and at the end the little friend may be found too, even out there in the steppes—though let us trust there will really be little cause to need him."

"It is useless to quote the last line, mamma," said the good little daughter, who, perched on the wide sofa beside her mother, was knitting away with downcast eyes. "Papa never subscribes to the last line."

"If I did, my dear, how could I, or anybody else, ever know whether they had a friend or not. No! no! give me tried friends and let me grapple them to my heart with hooks of steel."

There was a merry laugh from the sofa.

"The quotation may not be exact, my dear," said the old gentleman, "but the spirit of it is."

"She does not know her Shakespeare as well as her Chrysostom or de Sales," said the gentle mother, and the idea of grappling our good friend here with hooks of steel to our friendly hearts, made her merry. Come, dinner will make us join in her good humor, and this farewell must not be a sad one."

"May the Lord be in our hearts and on our lips, that we may not offend Him," said the old man with a sigh, as he seated himself at the head of the table.

There was certainly no fear of offending God in that company!

And so I took the parting gift that raw, cold day. It seemed ten times more raw and cold after leaving that fireside and closing that door upon the genial faces gathered around that cheerful board, and the kind voices that had

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done their best to speed the parting guest by words of hope and encouragement.

"Pray more, and weep less," softly whispered the old man, as he thrust the great, clumsy book under my cloak. "Sorrow is your companion, make good use of him. May the Heart of Jesus sustain you!"

That gift wearied and worried me the livelong day, or all that remained of it after that early dinner. It had been served earlier on my account that I might take the train at noon to the great city to do my last day's shopping and make my last preparation for a long absence. While making my purchases I tried to hide the book. I confess that I was ashamed of it, and did my best to conceal it from the shopmen.

I had to carry it about for hours from place to place, and last of all to the snow-covered cemetery, where I laid it on a tomb while I knelt and raved in despair and wept floods of tears.

Weeping and uttering unavailing moans I swept the snow from two graves and cleaned them as well as I could, shaking the snow from the garlands of immortelles that adorned them.

And the clumsy, ill-bound book was wet with the snow, and stained by my dirty hands that were cut and bleeding from the intense cold, and smarting from the rain of tears that fell upon them.

With an ungrateful sigh of relief I laid it down that evening, and sank exhausted on the couch beside the table where it lay. When I looked up I saw it, and asked myself what it was anyhow. I took it up and read: "Golden Manual." I put it down unopened. I did not want manuals of any kind, either of gold or of silver. What I wanted was the sight of a face hidden beneath the coffin lid and the cruel snow, and the sound of a voice forever stilled. I had put the book down with a movement of impatience, and it opened of itself. The remembrance of poor Annie Arden seeking for a sign in the Holy Book came to me unbidden. Did the open page contain some special message for me? I took up the book once more, taking care to put my finger between the leaves that had opened of themselves, and I waited and waited, dreaming wild dreams and thinking foolish thoughts

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that were not prayers. When I did open to read the message it was only this: "Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart."

To my sorrow and my shame it told me nothing, though it recalled a rude print of the Sacred Heart of Jesus with which I had been familiar. I saw it without wishing to see it—the tender eyes, the finger pointing to the thorn-crowned Heart—I could recall its every shade unbidden.

I put the clumsy book away. With some difficulty I found a place for it in my trunk, and three days later I was three days' distance from the snow-covered ground where I had left my heart, and where lay, as I thought, my treasure—I know better now.

Oh! how beautiful was that winter sky above the wild Russian steppes! How cloudless! How gloriously the great silver moon and blazing stars shone in the limitless vault so intensely blue! What a desert of snow and ice was around the summer palace, which, for this one winter, was to serve as home for two orphan boys.

Within the palace walls were treasures of art that had been handed down for generations from sire to son. Paintings and statuary—gifts of sovereigns, specimens of art from every known and some almost unknown lands. Books! a great hall lined from floor to ceiling with them. Everything within that abode was of the very costliest and rarest—countless servants, dainty food, every luxury!

Nothing of all this made any difference to my restless, broken spirit. The sky, and the stars, and the snowy landscape, were to me pleasanter far than all the curiosities and luxuries accumulated in the palatial home of the princes of X.

The servants had cleared the long alleys near the house of their drifts and piles of snow, so that the acacia walks were free. The acacias, so tall and so thick-set, formed a wall, as it were, that sheltered the orphan lads in their "constitutional" walk. From the southern doors of the stately house away to the rich conservatories half a mile distant, stretched the acacia bowers. All solitary and abandoned were these bowers during the winter, save that now for a brief hour each day two boys of six and eight, walked there with their teacher,

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who told them tales of foreign lands in a foreign tongue, to which they listened greedily; for it broke the monotony of the dull walk to hear curious and sometimes exciting tales of Indian heroes. "How at home they would be here in our steppes," often cried the delighted lads. And very likely they would have been, those heroes of Cooper and Marryat; but the teacher was anything but at home.

What sustained that sinking heart?

It was Christmas time now and it was not easy for a heavy heart to make young ones light and merry. Was it that clumsy book that made it possible after all? It had been the last thing to be stowed away, and was, therefore, the first thing to come forth. It lay on the great round table always, if left to itself, opening at the same page—"Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,"—and it *was* left to itself a good deal till one winter day when the snow lay deep on the ground, and the windows were sheets of glittering frost. Huge fires were kept blazing bright in every chimney and yet the lads and their companion sat close up to a wide hearth, all wrapped in great fur cloaks, their feet in the pockets of fur sleigh-robes.

Oh! that was the bleakest of all bleak seasons, and that day the very worst of all! Two or three of the servants, who had been away from home, had been caught in the storm and brought back stark and stiff. Their bodies were lying in the pretty cottage near the palace door, one of the cottages set apart for the visitors of the prince in the gay hunting season. There was no gaiety about the place now. Lugubrious sounds came every now and then from the servants' hall. Alas! there were mourners there now!

"If Ivan Vassillievitch starts out to-day he will die too," said the elder of the two lads.

"He will not start out to-day," said the younger, with confident assurance.

"Who is Ivan Vassillievitch?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, he is a Pole, a priest; he passes here sometimes, when he goes to a Polish village across the river to say Mass and hear confessions. Our Papa knew him, and the people

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all have orders to be kind to him, for he once saved our Papa's life."

"How could a Polish priest save the life of a Russian prince?"

"Oh, it was during the war. The Turks made an attack on the general's tent when there were no guards near—a surprise, I think, Papa called it—and this Vassilly was a young soldier then, and he defended our Papa, his general, and so Papa loved him; but *he would be a priest.*"

"And I love him," said the younger lad, rising, "and if I were to see him struggling in the snow I would run right out, and help him, and bring him here quickly to the warm fire."

The teacher smiled approvingly at the grateful, loving little lad.

Just then there was a great commotion, ringing of bells and stamping of feet; and, before there was sufficient time to account for it, the doors were thrown open and four of the servants carried in a motionless body.

It was Vassilly Vassillievitch! There was a great cry from the two lads, but the chief steward came forward and explained that there was nothing to fear—the great danger was over. The poor priest had fallen just as he reached the door, and remedies administered in time had brought back life to the poor man. For greater warmth they had ventured to bring him without ceremony into this apartment. The lads both glowed with pride and joy. Here was a real hero.

"We shall not let him go out in the snow again, shall we, Nika?" asked little Sucha.

"Certainly not," was the emphatic reply of Nika (Nicholas).

But the body, until now so still, all at once showed signs of life. The men who had worked over the frozen hands and feet so faithfully, to bring back life to them, arose, with satisfied looks, and soon withdrew; while only the steward remained, to watch the complete recovery of the traveller.

Soon the blood coursed once more freely in his veins, and before long he was on his feet. He wanted to rush off at once to his mission across the now frozen stream that fertilized the lands of the Prince. And he *would do it*, in spite

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of the almost tearful entreaties of the lads who clung to him, and the logic of the steward, who had been the one to discover him and carry him in. "Humanly speaking, it is impossible," he admitted cheerfully. "What of that! Though not a Xavier, nor a Francis Regis, I can try to carry the Bread of Life to some famishing souls away yonder." He nodded toward the river. "You look as if a crumb would do you good," he said, looking sharply at me. "Who are you?"

"Nobody," I answered.

"Yes, I know that; we are all nobodies, and everything is nothing as the peasant, soldier and emperor found out when death stood by to claim him; still, I repeat my question."

"And I my answer, with this addition—teacher to these lads."

"You tell me what is evident. But what land are you pining for at this hour?"

"The Cemetery of ———."

The presence of the steward and the lads prevented me from answering as I would have done under other circumstances.

He gave me a penetrating glance.

"Courage; look up—not down. Here—take this." He drew out a well worn Breviary from a deep pocket, and after searching a little handed me a crumpled and much soiled picture. On one side was a blood red heart, on the other a list of names or words numbered carefully.

I offered it to him again, saying that I did not read the Polish language, as I was not a Pole.

"If you were," he replied rather sharply, "you would give the world for it, and die rather than part with it." He would not see my outstretched hand that held the picture toward him, but went his way.

Was he lost in the storm, buried in some deep drift? It is not unlikely. Such a road to heaven had no terrors for him.

But the picture remained with me, and one of the servants, a Pole, translated it for me. It contained the Promises of the Sacred Heart. I was not penetrated by them, but they

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attracted me in spite of myself, so not to become superstitious, I put them away. Still they haunted me.

One day the good Stanya, or Stanislas, who had translated them for me, asked me to lend him the card that he might copy it. I bade him keep it, but he shook his head ominously saying: "No! no! that would be to rob you of your good fortune. I will return it with thanks."

How dull and cold I must have been! It was not till I lay ill, and had nothing within my reach, when able to look at anything, but that neglected book and that card, that I began to turn over the leaves of the Manual. In it I found the Seven Words upon the Cross, and the Little Rosary of the Sacred Heart. I learned them by heart, and very soon I found what it is hard to forgive myself for not having found years before: "The Litany for the Dead."

When I say I found them I mean that my heart found them, and comprehended them, and the Promises began to be realities in my life. So that ugly book grew dearer and dearer to me, and in my solitary months, that lengthened into years of exile, I paved the acacia walks with those dear prayers reciting them over and over again, sending them up to the Shrine of Mercy by the intermediary of bird and blossoms, calling upon every shining pebble and every little cloudlet in the sky to thank God for me for the grace of prayer. And ever since it has seemed to me as if all good, all prayer, all hope, all life comes from the Heart of Jesus.

So in my long exile I grew happy and resigned, and perhaps for that reason God brought me back to the busy world once more to give me the blessing and the strength of holy Mass and Holy Communion, by which I was to travel forward for other years.

When asked in these later years if I would join the Apostleship of Prayer and League of the Sacred Heart, it seemed only the completion of what had been begun the day my good old friend (let me call him Thomas, the name of my patron for this month of December) besought the Sacred Heart to have me in Its keeping, and the Golden Manual consecrated me to that Heart!

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TWO RETRACTATIONS, AUGUST 21, 1894.

Two most violent enemies of the holy Church, persistent propagandists of falsehood, apostles of impiety have just abjured their errors, in Buenos Ayres, returning again to the Church after their scandalous apostacy. Señores José Roman Lopez and Miguel Perez Lopez will from this day forward dedicate themselves to write against the errors they have hitherto sustained. We have in them two new Augustines and Sauls !

After making a general confession to the Rev. Fr. Aguilar, S.J., they received Holy Communion from the hands of Fr. F. Suarez Salgado, to whom they delivered 1,100 copies of the infamous treatise of which they are the authors: "The Triumph of Freemasonry."

Sr. J. Roman Lopez thus addressed the Archbishop:—

"Born and educated in a Catholic home, the days of my childhood passed tranquilly, my soul breathing only the pure atmosphere of the Christian religion, in whose principles my pious mother reared me with the greatest care and solicitude. But alas! having arrived at the age of 18, separated from the home circle to pursue a higher course of studies far from my family, a new world opened itself before me, a world that until then I had never contemplated.

"Deluded by the magical brilliancy with which impiety knows how to surround itself in order to dim the lustre of Catholic truth, I was, as it were, fascinated, and step by step followed the path strewn with flowers, by which a deceitful world led me on until I reached the bottom of the abyss unawares, and believing (poor simpleton that I was) that I was progressing wonderfully in the path of religious truth and moral. I abandoned completely the faith of my parents, embracing Protestantism cold and unconsoling.

"At a very early age I commenced to defend that sect which owes its origin to pride, becoming one of its most ardent and untiring propagators by writing, preaching and profiting by every means within my reach to extend its errors, co-operating in the establishment and organization of churches and schools in Malaga, Xeres, and other parts of Spain, especially in the

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first mentioned, my native city, where I acted for three years as preacher and director of the Protestant schools. But this is not all; fearing neither God nor man, heedless of the counsels of my Christian mother and in spite of her tears and supplications, I became a Freemason, dedicating from the first moment all my powers to the spread and development of that wretched sect. My pen was always at its service and that of Protestantism, defending and exalting their errors. . . . As a writer I have always been on the side of impiety, combating and ridiculing the Catholic Church and her ministers in reviews and periodicals as well in my own country as in this Republic where I have hitherto directed an heretical journal, after having written and published a most infamous pamphlet. . . . But the happy moment has arrived in which, completely undeceived, having passed the age of impressions, I have consulted my conscience, and it tells me that there is no satisfaction for it in the turmoil of false principles, which for 14 years have agitated it, so following its inspirations I have determined to abandon them forever. Among Protestants and Freemasons I have held the most important posts, and have been respected, admired, honored and flattered, I have occupied the most brilliant places in the Masonic lodges, and having with an upright and impartial spirit deeply and attentively studied Freemasonry, I acknowledge and confess that it is all phantasmagoria and errors, ambition and impiety. . . . I at last comprehend and acknowledge that the truth is found only in the Catholic Church, which alone has preserved it pure and intact, from the first ages, and like the prodigal son I return to her repentant and imploring pardon for my errors. . . . I retract every public writing of mine in favor of Protestantism, Freemasonry and free thought, execrating every idea that by different means I have propagated with the intention of harming religion, the Church and her ministers."

The other gentleman, Sr. Miguel Perez Lopez, made a like retractation and profession of faith, giving also a short sketch of his past career.

He had been grand master of the Freemason Provincial Lodge, at Malaga, and delegate of the Orient. Flattered,

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admired and applauded by the sect, he felt himself called upon to respond to each new eulogy by renewed efforts against the Church and her ministers. He bitterly deplores having caused the ruin of many innocent young men, initiating them in Freemasonry during the fifteen years he belonged to that sect, as well as the harm done by his co-operation as president of a society of freethinkers. He confesses that though loaded with honors, applause and everything a vain world could offer, he enjoyed neither peace nor tranquillity. He felt a void in his heart that nothing could satisfy. His conscience constantly tormented him, his higher reason told him there must be something beyond this finite world to satisfy the yearnings of his heart for the infinite. The thought of a supreme Judge to whom he should one day have to give an account of his acts in this world, caused him at times to tremble, and the very thought of his unworthiness kept him for a long time from daring to hope for or seek pardon in the religion he had so long fought against, and from which in an evil hour he had separated himself to his bitter sorrow and regret, till at last grace triumphed. Like the other, he received a Catholic education till the age of eighteen, when he chose a military career and there, through the influence of skeptics, freethinkers and bad reading he commenced his downward course.

They have both been attacked and threatened already by the Freemasons in the irreligious journals, but have ably answered their antagonists.

NOVENA OF GRACE.

As our readers know, St. Francis Xavier promised his special assistance to all who would make a nine days prayer, from the 4th to the 12th of March, confess and receive Holy Communion. So remarkably does he keep his promise that the title Novena of Grace has been given to this devotion. We recommended it as a fitting close for the Golden Jubilee, and published in pamphlet form suitable prayers, which were eagerly hailed by the thousands who applied for them. Many favors obtained have been acknowledged. Those who did not make the Novena then should avail themselves of the present opportunity to obtain graces through the great Apostle of the Indies and Patron of the Holy League.

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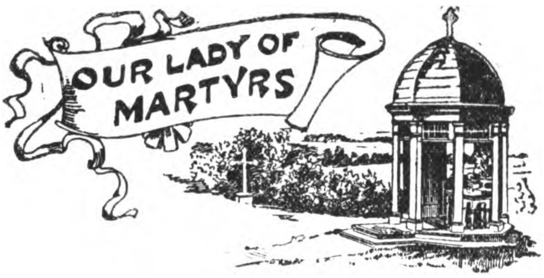

To speak of a shrine nowadays is to provoke a challenge for the miracles which distinguish it from other resorts of piety. In the common opinion of men nothing but miracles can justify the existence of a shrine, or the veneration of the faithful for the particular person or event whose memory is treasured there. Generally the miracle looked for is a striking cure of some bodily ill. Mere relief of troubles of mind or heart is not enough for the miracle hunters; visible tangible effects are their demand, and spiritual afflictions are beyond their reckoning, except when they distress and weigh down the body as well as the soul, so that their disappearance may be known by outward signs of cheerfulness. Finally, the cure in demand is a speedy, obvious and pronounced cure; no gradual, obscure or questionable change for the better will do.

A desire to witness a miracle is all very laudable, when it springs from the motives for which Almighty God works His miracles. How few there are who look for miracles as new evidences of the truth of our holy religion. Curiosity makes some demand them, as the Jews of old with their *show us a sign;* selfishness impels a multitude to demand in their own persons the marvels of divine intervention; can it be that pride and the desire of being notorious, of being looked upon as the subject of a heavenly favor, moves some souls to ask that signs be wrought in their regard? In any case, the *sensational* element of miracles is likely to be made much of, whereas their divine and religious purpose is sure to be overlooked. Let us not reduce our Auriesville graces to the grade of the newspaper "faith cure." We believe in the intercession of the saintly souls martyred there; there are other legitimate means of making their power known with-

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out having recourse to the medium of either daily or weekly sensational papers.

"It seems horrible," writes a correspondent, speaking of Auriesville; "to wait for other signs than those already given. We know that the martyrs died there, that the earth is rich with their blood, and that if people would only pray fervently enough miracles would not be wanting. This craving for more signs is not right. Better meditate on the martyrs' cruel pains, until the spirit of faith and love break down the barriers that keep our people from making of Auriesville another Lourdes. May Our Lady of Martyrs hasten the day when a national American pilgrimage shall gather there! It should be led by bands of Christian Indians, and more than a thousand sick should be borne up the hill-side and laid before the sanctuary, and around them should gather the greatest of the land and the best to care for the sick, as is done at Lourdes. Nothing is wanting but a relic of those holy ones who died for the faith. But even without that, faith and prayer, the prayer that obtains the grace of faith, and the faith that obtains the grace of healing, these can do all; and in no place can both be elicited so easily as in a spot like Auriesville, a very hill of prayer consecrated by the blood of those who died there for the faith."

"May it be very soon!" are the closing words of this beautiful letter. The year 1896 will be the two-hundred and fiftieth year from the death of Father Jogues, why not make of it an anniversary year? By that time the new statue of Our Lady of Martyrs and the crown can be ready and various improvements at the shrine completed. The dispositions that would bring the faithful there are ready always, the occasion of this anniversary will not be too soon to summon them.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. J. C., Lawrence, Mo., in thanksgiving	$7 00
D , Lowell, Mass	1 00
M B. D., for the Crown	5 00
W. A. D., Phila., Pa.	1 00
Pilgrim Readers, per Rev. H. W., San Francisco, Cal.	$ 50
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for two intentions	5 00
A. M., New York City	2 00

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WORK OF THE MISSIONS.

ANCHOVY P. O., JAMAICA, W. I., JAN. 4, 1894.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER;

P. C. If you think this worthy, you may give these few lines a space in the PILGRIM. Jamaica is divided in three counties and fourteen parishes. I have to look after the scattered Catholics in the whole county of Cornwall, comprising five parishes, and of one parish, St. Ann's, in the county of Middlesex which latter parish has a church which accommodates about one hundred persons and has a regular attendance of about ninety. I also attend a station at Sommerton, about fourteen miles from Alva, in an almost inaccessible mountain district. There are a few Catholic families here who try to keep up a little school in order to preserve their children in the holy faith, an undertaking which deserves the greatest praise. The few people there built a little house for a school, which will also serve when finished as a chapel. But on account of lack of means the house is not finished. A few pounds would do it; but, alas, I am usually out of funds myself. The little money the Bishop gave me was stolen from me during my absence of four weeks of missionary work. This is my farthest mission—sixty-eight miles from my residing place—Reading.

In the county of Cornwall, I have two stations in the parish of Hanover. One at Lucea, where I rent the hall occupied by the Salvation Army; I have to pay one pound a month for it. If it were not for the kindness of a Protestant merchant I would not have been able to take it, as he paid half of it. There are only about forty Catholics in all, mostly poor Portuguese. Mass was formerly said in a private house and only about twenty attended; now I count more than one hundred. A good many want to be Catholics. But as I can come around only once in about six weeks, they find it hard. A gentleman told me that if a priest could come oftener he would most willingly join the Church. "In case of sickness," he remarked, "where could I find you, as you travel over the half of the Island?"

Last Sunday, I was called down to Johnsontown to a sick man, and three young Protestant gentlemen wanted catechisms and Catholic prayer books. "For," said they, "we were told lately that you went to see a sick man sixty-eight miles away; none of our ministers would do that." I am sorry to say that when I reached the place named I found that my sick person had been buried six days.

Another station in Hanover county is at Chester Castle, about nine miles from here, where there are about twelve Catholics. A good many had fallen away on account of want of priests. In the parish of Trelawney, I have All Saints, once a flourishing mission, but now having only about forty Catholics. Some moved away and some lost their faith. There is also a little station at Shawfield.

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Falmouth needs only a priest, and many would become Catholics, there are about eighteen in all. When I arrived there lately from St. Ann's I was told that a Catholic Chinaman was just buried by the Anglican minister. The mother of the dead boy was inconsolable that her son could not get a Catholic burial. I hastened at once to console the good old lady through an interpreter, not knowing the celestial tongue myself. If we had more priests we would at once open a place of worship there, but, as it is now, it is impossible.

In St. James I have a poor little chapel at Reading, and about fifteen to twenty Catholics in all. Montego Bay, the second town in the island, would be a good place for a chapel.

In the Parish of St. Elizabeth, I attend Black River, where there are about twenty Catholics. I also say Mass at Success, where I baptized one day eighty-six children. Black River is about thirty-five miles from here and Success ten more. Pisgah is another place I have to look after; it has about sixty Catholics, but it is almost inaccessible, as it is about twenty-six miles off.

In the Parish of Westmoreland, in Seafordtown, where the chapel is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the only picture in it is that of the Divine Heart. The town is nineteen miles distant from my residence, and has forty-five families.

Savanna-la-Mar, or Sav-la-Mar, twenty-five miles, has but five Catholics; but nine miles further west I have a flourishing little congregation, called Top Hill, mostly poor black people; but I have always thirty to forty communicants. Besides Sommerton, I attend three schools, at Seafordtown, Alva and Top Hill. A fourth has just been opened at Reading.

At Alva I was called to see a sick man, a sergeant of the Salvation Army. He thought he had the evil spirit, and asked for prayers and Holy Water, I complied with his request. Next day he went off drumming just as before. The last time I was up again he asked me for a Catechism, and wanted to become a Catholic. What we need here are priests, and, of course, means to support them. I confide in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

ANDREW RAPP, S.J.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

For the Mangalore Mission.

S. M., New York city, . . . $ 50

For the African Missions.

A Promoter, Cathedral Centre, New York City, per Rev. J. H. McM., ... $5 00

C. M., Albany, N. Y., per Mme. O'C., ... 1 00

For the Most Needy Mission.

J. McC., Grand Forks, N. Dak., ... $8 00

Rev. F. M. L., Troy, Ohio, . 1 00

For Father Goveas, Tellicherry, India.

A. J. C., Grand Ronde, Ore., . $1 50

For the Eastern Missions.

Mrs. D., Phila., Pa., per M. C. C., ... $8 00

For the Zambesi Mission.

"Anon.," New York city, per Rev. W. H. W., . . . $5 00

An Associate, Hartford, Conn., in Thanksgiving, ... 1 00

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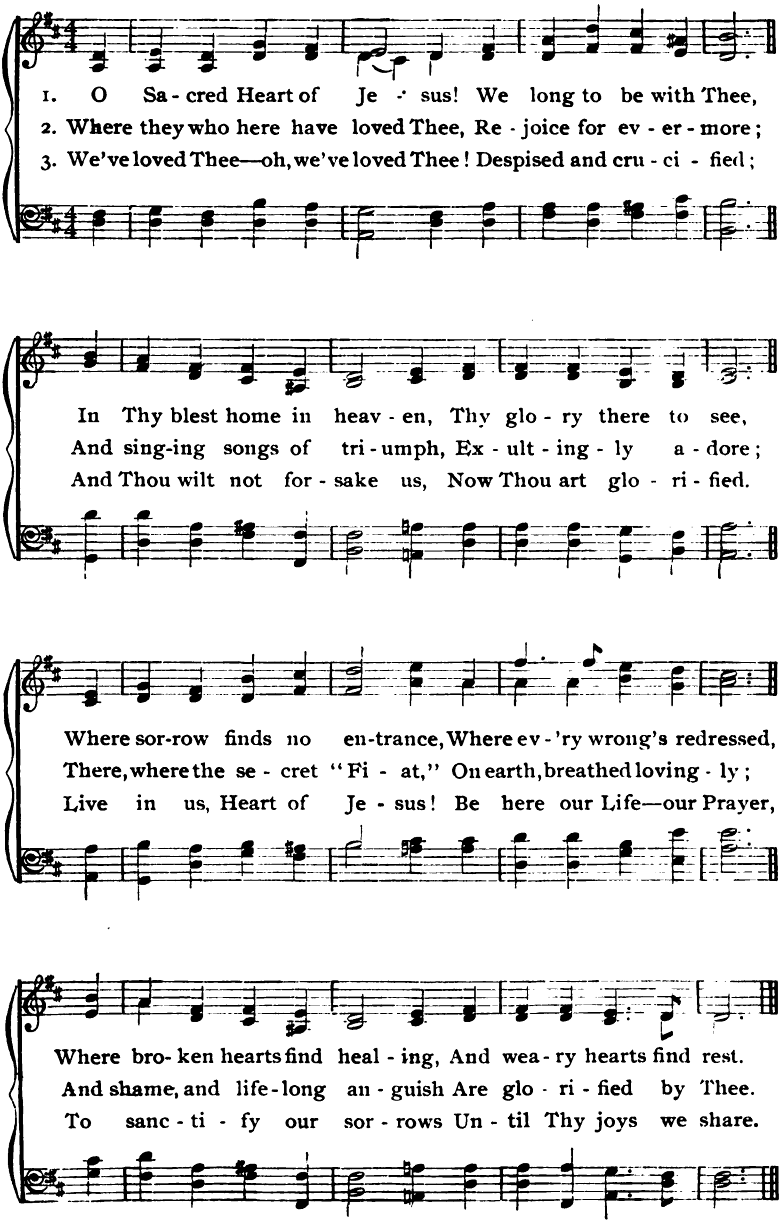
O Sacred Heart of Jesus!



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POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

A Promoters' Council should not be a formal affair. The League statutes make any gathering of Promoters, even in parties of two or three, a council, which entitles them to the same indulgences as a gathering of five hundred. The zealous Director of the Immaculate Conception Centre, Boston, is so bent on making his Promoters know one another and work together as far as possible on terms of friendship, that he has actually tried and succeeded in organizing a League Sociable, with gratifying results. It might not be feasible in many Centres, but it is very easy to make the Councils themselves meetings in which business will be transacted all the more satisfactorily, if besides being pious they shall be also made pleasant.

One way of making any task pleasant is to make it interesting; and every task is interesting that excites attention and elicits the active concern of those who are engaged in it. Now to do this with a Council of Promoters, some one, not necessarily the Director, but some one, or some several of them must have "Points" of interest that appeal even to the most apathetic. A call for Reports not only arouses interest, but it is also likely to excite commotion in Councils in which they are not returned regularly; so also the call for the Intentions of the various Bands and their Treasury of Good Works. Some one or other should be always ready with suggestions like these, which we mention now instead of the many others we might mention, because the new *Decade Leaflets* make them so practical and so easy.

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This year March is the greater part of Lent; it begins on a First Friday; in it falls the feast of St. Longinus, who pierced the Sacred Heart of Jesus with his lance, a mystery which happens to be specially commemorated this year on the Saint's day itself, March 15. Every Promoter should notice these points and be ready to call the attention of their Associates to those that may be of interest to them. Were no other point to seem interesting, take the First Friday practices that we are recommending this year in the *Messenger* and induce Associates to try them.

Of late Promoters in all parts have been trying to spread among their Bands the habit of reading good books, and we have had to answer many questions about ways and means of doing this effectively. To be able to induce another to read what you think good for him, first of all read it yourself, and know it, and be alive with all that is of interest in it. A case in point is the story we print in this number. "A Welcome Debt," is a tale that all of us could, or, at least, should wish to tell of ourselves, and no doubt there are several in almost every League Band that need to go through the experience it relates. To get them to read it, read it so as to be able to excite their interest in it. In the same way Promoters should be on the watch for *Messenger* and PILGRIM pieces that may suit the various members of their Bands. Thus, how many who are undergoing the same trial, would be overjoyed to be told that the February *Messenger* had a sketch entitled "A Convert's Hardest Trial." What great city or town is there in which Promoters are not looking after the objects of that members' touching story, "How a New York Newsboy Died"? Take any Band of fifteen and every individual of them can find each month some sketch, or story, or verse, or paragraph, which will strike them as a light from above, for it is always a grace to read a good word in season, and the *Messengers* of the Heart of Jesus have always a word in season, because they publish His interests and present them under every form that print is capable of assuming.

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PATRONS OF THE MONTH.

St. David (1st), the Apostle of Wales, was of princely birth. From his youth he gave himself wholly to the service of God. He was called from his cell to combat the Pelagian heresy, which denied the necessity of grace. He purged the land of error and was elected Bishop of Caerleon. He removed the see to Menevia, a lonely place, where he could serve God in peace. On the Sunday preceding his death, he sang High Mass, preached and blessed the people, saying: "Be joyful, and keep the Faith; on Tuesday I shall go the way of my fathers."

St. Casimir (4th) lives in our memories, not as the son of the king of Poland, but as the devout son of our Blessed Lady, whose praises he wrote in the favorite hymn "Daily, daily sing to Mary." He lived a penitential life amid the luxuries of a court. He had great devotion for the Passion of our Lord. His charity to the poor and afflicted was boundless. He died when 25 years of age. After 122 years his body was found incorrupt.

St. Colette (6th) was one of those women raised up by God to purify His Church. She first reformed *herself* by four years passed in doing extraordinary penance; then, instigated by St. Francis in a vision, she successfully accomplished the reform of the Third Order, and founded 17 convents of the strict observance. She aided by her advice the Fathers of the Councils at Constance and at Basle. The election of Pope Martin V, which ended a schism scandalizing the Church, was accomplished through her and her colleague, St. Vincent Ferrer.

St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor (7th), is dear to all who love the Blessed Sacrament. The office and hymns for the feast of Corpus Christi were composed by him, from them we have the familiar "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo." He is the great authority in matters of philosophy and theology. A crucifix once miraculously said: "Well hast thou written concerning Me, Thomas; what shall I give thee as a reward?" He replied: "Nought save Thyself, O Lord."

St. John of God (8th) gives courage to those who late in life feel called to serve God. For forty years he led a wild

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career. He then resolved to reform and devote himself to the ransom of Christian slaves in Africa. On his return to Spain he was greatly impressed by a sermon of the celebrated John of Avila. So extravagant were his expressions of self-abhorrence that he was taken to a mad-house. There he tended the sick. He had found his vocation. Thenceforth he devoted his life to the service of the suffering. Once when he was waiting on a dying man, he heard: "John, to Me thou doest all that thou doest to the poor in My name; I reach forth My hand for the alms thou givest; Me dost thou clothe; Mine are the feet thou dost wash."

St. Frances of Rome (9) is a model for Christian wives. During 40 years of married life she never had a disagreement with her husband. Though loving retirement and prayer, she never neglected a household duty, saying: "A married woman must leave God at the altar to find Him in her domestic cares." She endured losses of all kinds as coming from the hand of God. She enjoyed the constant sight of her angel guardian, the brightness of the vision varying with the brightness of her soul."

St. Gregory the Great (12th is called the Apostle of England, because he sent St. Augustine and his companions thither to preach the Gospel. This is a consoling thought for members of the Apostleship, who aid the work of advancing the Kingdom of Christ in all the world. His labors were incessant not only for the faith, but for discipline and for the decorum of Divine service, whose *chants* (Gregorian) and prayers he set in order.

St. Longinus (15th) was, according to tradition, the centurion, who exclaimed at the death of our Lord: "Truly this was the Son of God." He is also identified as the soldier who pierced the Sacred Heart. This he did in all reverence to prevent the breaking of Our Saviour's legs. He became an apostle and a martyr for the faith.

St. Patrick's (17th) praise is not to be given in words, its living monument is the faith carried all over the world by the descendants of those whom he taught. He is commonly called the Apostle of Ireland but it would be fitter to style him the *World's Apostle.*

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St. Gabriel (18th) is the great Archangel of the Incarnation. He was probably the messenger to tell Daniel of the shortening of the time before the coming of Christ. He foretold the birth of the Forerunner, St. John Baptist. He announced to the Blessed Virgin that she was to be the Mother of God. He reveals this great fact to St. Joseph, and afterward warned him to flee to Egypt, and in due time to return to his own country. We must bear St. Gabriel in mind whenever we say the Hail Mary.

St. Joseph (19th) from his office should be beloved by all devout Associates. No one can really love the sacred humanity of our Lord without having a tender feeling for His foster father. He was the example of an Apostle of the hidden life, living in union wth Jesus Christ, working with and for Him, doing always the will of God and advancing His Kingdom, yet all in retirement and obscurity.

St. Cyril (20th) was Bishop of Jerusalem. He is famous for his catechetical instructions which show his active zeal for his neophytes. Twenty-three of these familiar instructions have come down to us, of which 18 explain the Creed and 5 the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Eucharist. They bear witness to the unchanging teachings of the Church in all ages.

St. Benedict (21st) was the founder of that great widespread Benedictine family of religious men and women, whose name is familiar everywhere as cultivators of the mind and of the soil. By prayer he did everything: saw visions, prophesied and wrought miracles; hence he used to say: "Whatsoever good thing thou beginnest to do, first of all beg of God with most earnest prayer to perfect it unto the end."

St. Catharine of Genoa (22d) is a model for wives unhappily married. By prayer, penance and by service of the sick in hospitals she won the respect, admiration and conversion of her husband to a better life. She sustained herself in all her trials by the thought of the souls in Purgatory, whose sufferings were revealed to her and whose state she has described in a treatise approved by the Church.

St. John Damascene (27th) was the last of the Greek

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Fathers before the fatal schism. He wrote a great work *On the Orthodox Faith.* He made a noble defence of sacred images against the Emperor Leo, who, in revenge accused John of treason and had his right hand cut off. St. John knelt before a statue of our Lady and prayed: "O stainless Mother of God, in defence of holy images I have lost my hand; help me, heal me, that I may still write of thy praises and those of thy Divine Son." His prayer was granted, his hand was restored, and thus his innocence was recognized.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

——At Mount Loretto, Prince's Bay, Staten Island, N. Y., 42 children make the Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart for the First Friday of every month.

——The Rev. Local Director of St. Joseph's Centre, Pensacola, Fla., writes: "The League is growing among my poor people, day by day; many have returned to the Sacraments who had been away for twenty-five years. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of our dear Redeemer!"

——A Promoter of St. Joseph's Centre, Philadelphia, writes that "the celebration on the evening of January 6, was grand and impressive. We had our twenty-four beautiful banners displayed throughout the church, and as many remarked, it looked like a small basilica. Notwithstanding the inclement weather the church was crowded."

——The Reverend Local Director at Troy, Ohio, who has another Centre at Tippecanoe City, writes that "the Apostleship of Prayer has already increased the devotion of both congregations perceptibly, and I hope that the grace of God will be all the more with my Promoters in the future. I shall confer the Crosses and Diplomas on my Promoters, six at my Mission in Tippecanoe City, next Sunday, and four in Troy on the First Friday."

——From Danby, Conn., a Promoter writes that the Associates number about sixty-two and they hope soon to have all the Catholics there enrolled. "The League is not as well known here as we would wish," continues the writer, "if more of the Associates would take the *Messenger*, we might expect better results. This is only a Mission, so that we can have no Promoters' Council or League Devotion. Still, since the League has been working here twice as many

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receive the Sacraments and more frequently. My September *Messenger* was circulated among friends in Albany. One said she wished she had known, years ago, there was such a publication."

——From St. Ignatius, one of our Missions in the Rocky Mountains, come well-filled blanks of Intentions and Good Works, from which it appears, as indeed we are assured by letter, that "our young Associates there are doing very well. The devotion to the Sacred Heart is ever on the increase among them. The First Friday of the month is quite a feast day here at the Mission and we have a numerous General Communion. The Communion of Reparation is kept up as steadily as circumstances allow."

——The Secretary of St. Patrick's Centre, Washington, D. C., writes that "on the first Friday of November, after a sermon by Father Brady, S.J., one hundred and fifty associates received the Badge of the League. The Centre has now twelve hundred associates, with fifty-five Promoters. It is hoped that twenty-nine Promoters will receive the Cross and Diploma next June. The Centre is in a most flourishing condition, most of the Associates practising the Three Degrees; for which much is owing to the zeal and energy of our Rev. Local Director."

——The First Friday of the New Year was a most fitting occasion for the reception of new Promoters of the League, and it was accordingly chosen for this function in the Church of the Holy Rosary, New York. After the usual League devotions, Father Van Rensselaer, S. J., of the Central Direction, gave an instruction on the origin, work and spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer. Rev. Dr. Wall, the Pastor, then received the new Promoters. The choir rendered some beautiful music. After the reception the Papal Blessing was imparted, followed by the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. This Local Centre has been very successful in League work, due in great measure to the earnest interest of the Rev. Director.

——The Rev. Local Director of the Nativity Centre, Brooklyn, N. Y., six months after the organization of the Centre, was able to say: "The Sacred Heart has certainly found a generous welcome among our good people here, and the effects of the six months' work have been simply wonderful. To-day our numbers are not less than 2,000, every week adding new members to our list. We offer our feeble thanksgiving for the many graces of the past fifty years of League work, with an earnest prayer for an ever increasing success for the Apostleship in the years to come."

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——In the Church of the Guardian Angel, New York, the League was established only a few months ago, and already, through the zeal and activity of its Local Director and his twenty-five Promoters, it numbers 1,400 Associates. The Promoters received their Crosses and Diplomas on the feast of the Epiphany, and as the Rev. Pastor of the Church was about to leave for a new field of labor, he was asked to officiate on this occasion. After solemn vespers, then, Father O'Neill, in a fervent address, reviewed the beneficent work of the League in the parish, congratulated the Local Director and the Promoters on the blessings which had attended their good work, and exhorted all to persevere in their devotion to the Sacred Heart, and especially to imitate the virtues of His adorable Heart who has said: "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart." At the conclusion of the sermon the reception and consecration of the Promoters took place, and the impressive service was brought to a happy conclusion by the Benediction.

OBITUARY.

We recommend to the prayers of our Associates the souls of Directors Rev. James Taaffe, of St. Patrick's, and Rev. Henry F. Weitekamp, of St. Leonard's, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. James B. Keating, Wilmore, Pa.; Mother Mary Aloysius, Presentation Convent, Aberdeen, S. Dakota; Mother Mary of St. Francis de Sales Mitchel, Convent of the Good Shepherd, New Orleans, La.; Mother Immaculata Zimmer, St. Jerome's, Mobile, Ala.; Sister Scholastica, Convent of Mercy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, House of the Good Shepherd, Manayunk, Pa.; and the following devoted Promoters: John Hogan, Hurley, S. Dakota; Mrs. Jane Forbes, St. Edward's Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary J. Ledden, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen Stevenson, St. Alphonsus' Centre, New York City; Mrs. Mary Kinsella, Springfield, Ill.; Miss Lulu C. Lawless, New London, Conn.; Margaret Campbell, Munster, Ill.; Mrs. Emma Lee, St. Mary's Kansas; Mrs. P. F. Hanley, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Mary J. Merritt, Fancy Farms, Ky.; Thomas Byrne, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary Quigley, St. Patrick's, N. Y.; Catharine Mary O'Connor, Providence, R. I.; Margaret McCail, Greenport; and Mrs. Mary O'Connor, New York, an Associate for many years, who died January 22, at the age of ninety-three. *May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace!*

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1895.

Recommended by His Holiness with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Spirit of Prayer.

IF any one General Intention should be put from time to time before the Associates, it should be, under one form or another, the spread of the *spirit of prayer*. For is it not this very spirit which, together with zeal and devotion to the Sacred Heart, constitutes the essence of our work?

What is this spirit of prayer? "Prayer is the lifting up of the heart and the mind to God." St. Thomas adds "with petition." Our Lord bids men "to pray always and not to grow weary," and St. Paul, after Him, inculcates the same: "pray without ceasing." But how is this possible? How can people of the world, engaged as they are from morning to night in gaining their livelihood, "pray always," "pray without ceasing?" And that, too, without "fainting or growing weary."

We must first distinguish the *various kinds* of prayer. There is *vocal* prayer, spoken with the lips, expressed in words either your own or others' choosing. Then there is *mental* prayer, commonly called meditation, in which, of course, the mind plays the chief part. Some great truth is the subject, or some fact of the Gospel history. The mind considers and reflects, draws conclusions, and the will makes resolutions. St. Francis de Sales adds a third kind—*vital* prayer. And this is the one which we must try to cultivate. This is what we might call the spirit of prayer. It is the one recommended by Christ. For it is evident that men could not be ceaselessly praying either mentally or vocally. Whereas the prayer he commands is to be constant. Vital prayer, the life pervaded by the spirit of union with God, is within the power of all. This is the prayer, or rather the spirit of prayer, which the Apostleship teaches and longs to see pervade all human society.

How is this to be acquired and perfected? By consecrating the first moments of the day to God. Hence the obligation for Associates of making the Morning Offering. By living habitually in the spirit of this oblation, if possible, by renewing it from time to time during the day. By calling in the aid of both mental and vocal prayer. And so the Holy League would have her Associates say daily the Morning Offering and Rosary Decade. In this way we shall infuse into our lives that purity of intention of doing all for God, with God and in God; thus will each thought, word, work rise to Heaven like the incense of prayer.

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